

SHARDSHIPS OF LITTLE WALDO.

I wish 'at I could go to work
Away in town somewhere,
Like my pa does, and have a chance
To stay all day down there,
And have some fun like other folks,
Instead of bein' here,
And listenin' to ma yell out
"I want you, Waldo, dear!"

I never go across the street
Or round the block to play
Without I hear her kollerin':
"Come in here, right away,"
And when the Hudson boys come up,
As soon as I begin
To have a chance to bat she says:
"Now, Waldo, dear, come in!"

I can't pile up things in the yard
Because she comes and takes
One look and then holds up her hands
And hollers: "Mercy sakes!
Clean all that rubbish out of here,
My gracious, goodness me!"
I wish I'd be an orphan boy,
And then I guess she'd see.

She just goes round all day and tries
To think up every way
There ever was to never let
A boy get out to play;
Whatever I would rather do
She always tells me: "No!"—
I wish I'd die, and then I guess
That she'd be sorry, though.

I wish 'at I was big enough
To work down at the store
'Cause then, you know, a person's ma
Can't make him mind no more;
I'd like to go downtown with pa
Almost before daylight
And get a chance, sometimes, to stay
Till ten o'clock at night.

I wonder why a person's ma
Won't ever let you do
Or see or hear or say the things
You're always wantin' to?—
She's always hollerin': "Come in
As quick as you can."
I wish as soon as I was borned
That I'd 'a' been a man!
—S. B. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

BORN TO SERVE

By Charles M. Sheldon,
Author of "IN HIS STEPS," "JOHN KING'S
QUESTION CLASS," "EDWARD
BLAKE," etc.

(Copyright, 1900, by Charles M. Sheldon.)

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

"Mrs. Vane has a convert. Did you see Mrs. Ward's girl in the pew with her?" Mrs. Wilson asked, eagerly.

"Yes. Rather a neat, pretty girl, and seemed to know her place. Mrs. Ward told me the other day that she is well educated and—"

"It is no sort of use trying to do that sort of thing!" Mrs. Rice interrupted, with energy. "I tried that plan once in Whiteville, and it did no good at all. Servants as a class cannot be treated that way. They always take advantage of it."

"That's what I have always said," added Mrs. Burns. "Look at Mrs. Vane's girls. She changes as often as any of us, and has as much trouble. The girls don't want to be treated like that."

"And, if they do, it makes no difference with their real position. No one will really ask them into society; and, if they did, they would not know how to behave," Mrs. Wilson exclaimed.

"It does seem a pity, though," Mrs. Rice went on, "that girls like this one shouldn't be allowed to have a chance like other people. What is she with Mrs. Ward for if she is educated and all that?"

"O, she has some idea of helping solve the servant-girl problem," Mrs. Burns replied. "At least, Mrs. Ward told me something of that sort. She does not know all about the girl herself."

"It's a queer way to solve the question—to go out as a servant herself," said Mrs. Wilson, and the other two women said: "That's so!" Yet all three of these women had been brought up on the theology of the orthodox teaching of the atonement.

"Did you see Mr. Morton speaking to the Wards? He was just as polite to the girl as he was to anyone in the church."

"Of course; why not?" Mrs. Rice asked with a superior air. "But now imagine Mr. Morton or any other gentleman in Crawford really considering a servant as they consider other people, even the factory girls or the clerks at Bondman's."

"O well, of course, there is a difference."

"Of course," the other two women assented. But, after all, what constitutes the exact difference between honest labor of the hands in a factory or a store and in a home? If they are both service that humanity needs for its comfort or its progress, ought they not both to be judged by the standard of service, not by the standard of place where the service is rendered?

"I think Mrs. Ward will find out her mistake, and be ready to say so in a little while. If she is going to bring her girl to church with her, I don't see where she can stop short of taking her with her everywhere else; and of course society will not tolerate that," Mrs. Rice said after a pause.

"Of course not. The whole thing is absurd. The girls must keep their places. All such eccentric women like Mrs. Vane do more harm than good," Mrs. Burns declared with decision.

"I had given Mrs. Ward credit for more sense," Mrs. Wilson said, gravely. "But I must turn down here. Good-by."

"Good-by. Don't forget the committee meeting at my house to-morrow," cried Mrs. Rice, and very soon she parted from Mrs. Wilson, reminding her, as she separated, of the church-committee meeting later in the week.

The next morning after Mr. Ward had gone down to his business Mrs. Ward said to Barbara: "You remember Mr. Morton is coming to lunch with us to-day. Would you like to sit at the table with us?"

The color rushed into Barbara's face, and she did not answer at once. Then she said slowly: "No, Mrs. Ward. I told you when I came, if you

remember, that I never expected to sit with the family at meal-time. My place as a servant is to wait on the family then."

"Very well," replied Mrs. Ward, quietly. "I simply asked because I want you to understand that I am ready to help you. Of course, you are not like the other girls who have worked for us. I have no doubt you could be perfectly at your ease with Mr. Morton or anyone else in society." Mrs. Ward spoke with some womanly curiosity, for Barbara had not yet taken her into full confidence, and there was much in the girl's purpose and character that Mrs. Ward did not know.

"I suppose I could, probably," Barbara answered, demurely. "Of course, you shut yourself out of the society of people in your own rank of life by choosing to be a servant," Mrs. Ward went on abruptly. "You know that as well as I do."

"Yes," replied Barbara, gravely. "You know well enough that if I had introduced you yesterday to all the people in Marble Square church, probably not one of them would ever have invited you to come and see them or even enter into any part of the church life."

"I suppose so," Barbara replied, flushing deeply. And then she said: "But I understand well enough that such conditions exist because in the majority of cases the girls who go out to service in Crawford would not care to be invited to the homes of the people in Marble Square church, and would feel very miserable and ill at ease if they should be invited into any such homes."

"That is what I have often said. The servant girls are in a distinct class by themselves. They are the least educated, the most indifferent to refining influences, of all the laboring classes."

"At the same time," Barbara began; but Mrs. Ward was called out of the room by some demand of Lewis, who was still posing more or less as an invalid although he was able to be about; and Barbara went on with her work, conscious that the dragon was in some directions every day.

About noon the bell rang, and Barbara with a little heightening color in her face went to the door.

Mr. Morton greeted her as she opened the door saying: "Happy to meet you again, Miss Clark. A little pleasanter and not so hot as last week."

Barbara returned his greeting by saying: "Yes, sir," and took his hat, while he walked immediately into the sitting-room like a familiar guest. Mrs. Ward heard him from upstairs, and came down at once, while Barbara went into the kitchen.

During the meal Barbara could not avoid hearing part of the conversation. She had always remembered what her mother had often said about servants telling everything heard in the family talk and she had tried since coming to the Wards to train herself not to listen to what was being said, especially at the table when she was called in to stand and wait at the beginning or during the different courses.

But to-day in spite of herself she could not avoid hearing and knowing a part of the general conversation. She heard Mr. Ward good-naturedly asking Mr. Morton how long he expected to live in a hotel at Carlton.

"I'll warrant all the young ladies in Carlton have given him at least a barrel of slippers already," Mr. Ward said, looking at his wife.

"Will you give me the highest market price for all the slippers I possess so far?" Mr. Morton asked, with a smile. Mr. Ward was in the wholesale boot and shoe business.

"I don't know. I don't think I want to load up so heavily on slippers."

"I assure you it would not ruin you," Mr. Morton answered lightly.

"I think with Mrs. Ward, though, that you ought to be getting a home of your own," Mr. Ward was saying when Barbara came in with the dessert.

"My sister is coming up to Carlton to keep house for me if I stay there next year; I don't mind saying that the hotel is getting rather tiresome."

"If you stay? Why, are you thinking of leaving?"

"No, but I was hired for a year only."

"Listen to the modest young preacher!" began Mr. Ward, with a smile. "Of course, Carlton will want you another year. If they don't, come down to the Marble Square church. There is a possibility of Dr. Law's leaving before Christmas. He is growing old and his health has failed rapidly of late."

Mr. Morton said nothing in answer to this, and when Barbara came in next time they were all talking of the college days when Alfred and Morton were together.

Barbara had eaten her own dinner and was at work again, clearing off the dinner dishes, so that, when Mr. Morton rose in the other room to go, she heard him exchanging farewells with the Wards and promising to come down again before long. He went out into the hall, and after a pause Barbara heard him say: "I don't find my hat. Possibly Miss Clark hung it up somewhere."

There appeared to be a search going on for the missing hat, and Barbara's face turned very red as she took some dishes out into the kitchen and on turning to come back saw the missing hat on a chair at the end of the table, where she had absent-mindedly carried it on Mr. Morton's arrival.

She recovered herself in a moment, and, taking up the hat, brought it into the hall, saying as she confronted the minister: "I plead guilty to absent-mindedness, Mr. Morton. I carried your hat out into the kitchen."

They all had a good laugh at Barbara's expense, in which she joined, and Mr. Morton removed the last of Barbara's confusion by speaking of his own absent-minded moments.

"The last time I had a lesson that ought to cure me," he said, smiling at Barbara frankly. "I left my sermon all neatly written on my desk in my room at the hotel, and brought with me into the pulpit several pages of blank foolscap paper that had been lying on the desk close by my sermon. I hadn't time to go or send back for the sermon, and was obliged to preach without notes except the few I could make at the time."

"O well, absent-mindedness is one of the marks of genius," Mr. Ward remarked, laughing.

"We will comfort ourselves with that hope, then, won't we, Miss Clark? Good-by. Have enjoyed my visit very much."

Barbara went back to her work, blushing again over the little incident as she entered the kitchen, but grateful to the young man for the kindly, off-hand, but thoroughly gentlemanly manner in which he had treated it. It was a very little event, so little that it hardly seems worthy of mention, yet Barbara found her mind recurring to it several times during the day.

During some baking in the afternoon, Carl was an interested spectator and finally prevailed on Barbara to make him a gingerbread man. When she had cut it out and put some white dough on it for eyes, nose and mouth, and coat buttons, she suddenly remarked aloud, after Carl and she had both been silent some time: "He is a perfect gentleman, and that is more than can be said of some college-bred men."

"Is this a college-bred man, Barbara?" asked Carl, the terrible. "I thought it was a gingerbread man. You said you would make me a gingerbread man. I don't want a college-bred man."

"This is a gingerbread man," replied Barbara, hastily, as she turned to the oven and opened the door.

"Then who is the other man?" persisted Carl.

"O, never mind; I was thinking out loud."

"It isn't nice to do," remarked Carl, reflectively.

"I don't think it is, either," Barbara admitted.

"Then what makes you do it?" insisted Carl.

"I won't any more when you are around," promised Barbara with much positiveness. The child seemed satisfied with this statement; but, when Barbara at last took the gingerbread man out of the oven, Carl suddenly said: "Let's name him, Barbara."

"All right," said Barbara, pleasantly.

"You give a name," Carl suggested.

"Well, how about Carl?"

"No, I don't like that. Let's call him—let's call him Mr. Morton."

"Very well," replied Barbara, hurriedly. "Run right along with it. Your mamma is calling you, and I must finish my baking."

"Don't you think he looks like him?" Carl insisted as he grasped the figure by the feet, which in the process of baking had become ridiculously short and stubby, merging into the coat tails.

"No, I don't think it's a striking resemblance," said Barbara, laughing.

"Well, I do. I think he looks just like him. I like Mr. Morton, don't you?" But at that moment Mrs. Ward called Carl in the tone he always



MR. MORTON GREETED HER.

obeyed, and Barbara did not have to answer him.

She finished her work in a serious mood, and in the evening in the little room over the kitchen she at first sat down to meditate as her custom sometimes was. But, suddenly changing her mind, she opened her Bible to seek out another of the passages that referred to the servant or to service, and after several unsuccessful attempts to locate a verse that she thought was in Thessalonians, she found the passage in Ephesians, sixth chapter, fifth verse.

"Servants, be obedient unto them that according to the flesh are your masters, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not in the way of eye-service as men please; but as servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with good will doing service, as unto the Lord and not unto men; knowing that whatsoever good thing each one doeth, the same shall he receive again from the Lord, whether he be bond or free. And ye, masters, do the same things unto them, and forbear threatening; knowing that both their Master and yours is in Heaven, and there is no respect of persons with Him."

"I wonder just what those words mean," Barbara thought. "And ye, masters, do the same things unto them?" Of course, they could not change places as master and slave. It must mean a mutual honesty and justice and Christlikeness in their relations to one another. And then

she gained great comfort from the last verse. "And there is no respect of persons with Him."

"My Father in Heaven," she prayed, "I have chosen my work, or Thou hast chosen it for me. Just what its crosses may be, I do not yet know. Whatever I shall be called upon to lose, Thou knowest. But in and through all, sustain me with this loving thought: 'There is no respect of persons' with Thee, Thou who dost respect the service of men, and not their outward station. Sustain me by Thy name, in Christ's name. Amen."

When Thursday afternoon of that week came, Barbara remembered her promise to Mrs. Vane; and, when she went out, as it was her regular afternoon off, she told Mrs. Ward that she was going to call on Mrs. Vane.

"You will find her a very interesting woman. I don't know how much she can do to help your ideas. She is eccentric. But in any case you will find her interesting," Mrs. Ward ventured to say.

"I am sure she is," said Barbara.

"If she asks you to stay to supper you needn't come back to get ours. I'll manage somehow," Mrs. Ward spoke kindly, and Barbara was on the point of thanking her and accepting the permission, when she noted Mrs. Ward's pale face and nervous manner. She had been suffering all this morning from one of her wretched headaches.

"Thank you," replied Barbara, quietly; "but I prefer not to. I'll be back in time to get supper."

"Do just as you please," Mrs. Ward replied, but Barbara detected a look of relief on her tired face as she went out.

[To Be Continued.]

BISMARCK AND SCHLOEZER.

How the Latter Outwitted the Iron Chancellor and Became Minister to the United States.

F. Max Muller tells a story in his Autobiography, published by the Scribners, that has a special interest for Americans. It is about Karl de Schloezer, whom he met at Paris and who afterward was minister to the United States.

"He entered the Prussian diplomatic service," writes Prof. Muller, "and was the protégé of the princess of Prussia, afterward the empress of Germany. That was enough to make Bismarck dislike him, and when Schloezer served as secretary of legation under Bismarck as ambassador at St. Petersburg, he committed the outrage of challenging his chief to a duel. Bismarck declined, nor would it, according to diplomatic etiquette, have been possible for him not to decline."

"Later on, however, Schloezer was placed en disponibilité, that is to say, he was politely dismissed. He had to pay a kind of farewell visit to Bismarck, who was then omnipotent. Being asked by Bismarck what he intended to do, and whether he could be of any service to him, Schloezer said very quietly: 'Yes, your excellency. I shall take to writing my memoirs, and you know that I have seen much in my time which many people will be interested to learn.'"

"Bismarck was quiet for a time, looking at some papers, and then remarked, quite unconcernedly: 'You would not care to go to the United States as minister?'

"I am ready to go to-morrow," replied Schloezer, and having carried his point, having in fact outwitted Bismarck, he started at once for Washington.

Bismarck knew that Schloezer could wield a sharp pen, and there was a time when he was sensitive to such pen-pricks. They did not see much of each other afterward, but, owing to the protection of the empress, Schloezer was later accredited as Prussian envoy to the pope, and died too soon for his friends in beautiful Italy."

His Aim in Life.

People bother little boys so! All the tourists to his island home used to ask this one: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?" and the boy impatiently replied at every interruption of his important undertakings: "I'm going to be a sailor and climb the masts."

Last summer he took an ocean voyage and was very seasick, and the third day his father asked: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?"

"I am not going to be a sailor and climb the masts," he replied. "I am going to be a soldier and shoot cannon."

A big uncle took the boy to see a famous cyclorama, where the smoke and carnage and realistic dead bodies in the foreground shattered another of his ambitions. To the teasing question: "What are you going to be, boy? what are you going to be?" came the answer, in a burst of confidence:

"I am not going to be a sailor and climb the masts. I am not going to be a soldier and shoot cannon. I am going to be a bachelor and marry mamma!"—Youth's Companion.

A Parliamentary Anecdote. Three members of the ministerial front bench the other day had to rush across to the lobby of the house of commons to catch the division bell in a manner that was not perhaps wholly dignified. But it might have been worse. Members of the house of commons have been known to vote in their shirt-sleeves before now, and there is a well-remembered case of a member who rushed into the lobby straight from his bath in order to be in the house before the bell stopped.

He had a blanket round him, it is true, but his appearance was hardly in keeping with the majesty of the parliament, and it is said to have been recorded that the enthusiastic M. P. missed his vote after all.—St. James' Gazette.

SPECIAL MAIL TRAIN.

An Effort to Catch the Southampton Mail Steamer at New York Saturday Morning.

Chicago, Sept. 6.—A carload of the most important mail that has left Australia in years is being rushed across the continent with the utmost speed to catch the Southampton mail steamer at New York at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. The mail would be due to arrive by regular train service at 9:30 o'clock Friday morning, one hour late for the morning train over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. In the effort to make that connection a special from Omaha sped toward Chicago Friday night with the right of way over every other train on the road. In case of failure to connect here a special will be sent out to overtake the regular train at Cleveland. To overcome the advantage of one hour, it will have to average better than one mile a minute from here to Cleveland.

CHANCES REGARDED AS EVEN

The Selection of the Columbia to Defend America's Cup Pleases the British Press.

New York, Sept. 5.—The World says: From private sources it is learned that the Columbia was chosen to defend the America's cup, and in consequence of this decision there will be no race Thursday.

London, Sept. 6.—The selection of the Columbia to defend the America's cup is a matter of great satisfaction to the British press. The chances of the race are now regarded as even; but there is no disposition to express overconfidence in the result. It is generally conceded that the Constitution might still have proved the faster boat had there been sufficient time for further experiments and tuning up.

CELEBRATED BORALMA.

Lawson's Gelding Was Defeated by Hamlin's Lord Derby at Charter Oak Park.

Hartford, Ct., Sept. 6.—A big crowd at Charter Oak park Thursday afternoon witnessed the defeat of Thos. Lawson's celebrated gelding, Boralma, by C. J. Hamlin's Lord Derby. The race between these two horses was one of the finest of the year, and it was only after five heats had been trotted that the Boston favorite's colors were lowered. The betting on the race, the free-for-all trot, was very heavy. The starters were Boralma, Lord Derby and The Monk. As much as \$90,000 went into the pool. Boralma was a tremendous favorite before the start at odds of 3 to 1 for other two. Time: 2:06½, 2:07, 2:07½, 2:09, 2:10.

A STRANGE CASE.

Demented Musician Recovers Her Reason After Hearing Popular Airs Rendered By Another.

Denver, Sept. 6.—Miss Elizabeth Danne, the demented musician, who, prior to her loss of reason, acquired fame on two continents, is on the road to recovery in the Arapahoe county hospital through the chance visit of a musician, who, in an adjoining room, rendered several airs from "The Bohemian Girl," from that time dated her recovery, and Thursday the talented young German cellist rendered the entire opera on her favorite instrument. The doctors are giving her case close scrutiny, as they can not understand why, after a year's incarceration, the spark of reason should be rekindled in such a strange manner.

SHIPBUILDING PLANT.

Within Thirty Days Work Will Have Commenced on the \$1,000,000 Establishment at Norfolk.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 6.—Within the next 30 days work will have commenced on the water front of Norfolk harbor upon the erection of a million dollar shipbuilding plant, which will be owned jointly by the Trigg Co., of Richmond, a big shipbuilding firm of Philadelphia and another company of Bath, Me., which builds sailing vessels. The Trigg Co. will not move its entire plant to Norfolk on account of financial arrangements in Richmond. It will, however, give the Norfolk plant all of its docking work.

Russian Post Office in Jerusalem.

Jerusalem, Sept. 6.—The new Russian post office was opened in Jerusalem Thursday with great public ceremony in the presence of members of the Russian consulate, Russian clergy, Russian residents and pilgrims.

Newspaper Censored.

London, Sept. 6.—"Russian newspapers are forbidden to refer to famine conditions in Russia," says the St. Petersburg correspondent of the Daily Mail, "because hunger-tyranny and scurvy have broken out in many districts and hundreds are dying daily."

Opposes Carnegie's Gift.

Sharon, Pa., Sept. 6.—An offer of Andrew Carnegie to place a pipe organ in the Central Presbyterian church at Newcastle is meeting with bitter opposition, and serious trouble in the congregation is threatened.

Want An Eight-Hour Law.

Milwaukee, Sept. 6.—The convention of the post office clerks adjourned Thursday night after adopting a report providing for an eight-hour bill. Next convention will be held at Kansas City, Mo.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

In 1890 there were 27 Christian Science reading-rooms; there are now over 300.

The whole British empire has only 124 Protestant bishops, of whom 33 are English, 7 Irish, 12 Scotch, 73 colonial.

England has 35,916 churches and 41,320 clergy. Ireland, however, has more churches than clergy, the numbers being 4,540 to 4,110.

The Baptist union of Wales has voted unanimously that it cannot join the National Free church union as long as that body arranges for united communion services.

Of the 35,920 churches in the United Kingdom, the Church of England has 14,570 and the Methodists 11,500. There are 820 Roman Catholic and 60 Jewish places of worship.

A school-teacher of Rochester, N. Y., boxed the ears of a pupil rather more severely than the mother of the lad thought best, according to the Post-Express. She sent the teacher this note: "Nature has provided a proper place for the punishment of a boy, and it is not his ear. I will thank you to use it hereafter."

A college for washerwomen has been opened in New York by the Charity Organization society. The course is 12 daily lessons, and the students receive 60 cents a day and luncheon. Instructors teach the nature of fabrics and the best methods of cleansing them and exercise a strict supervision until the pupil receives a certificate.

The roof garden at the Merritt building, Eighth avenue and Nineteenth street, New York, has been crowded every night since it was opened, July 1. The admittance is free, and religious meetings, with much music, are held every evening. Although the garden holds 1,500, the crowds were so great last week that hundreds had to be turned away.

Raymond Macdonald Alden, instructor in English in the University of Pennsylvania, has been appointed assistant professor of English in Stanford university. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and afterward a member of the Harvard graduate school. He is the author of a book, "The Art of Debate," and will have charge of the training of students in argumentation.

ILLEGAL MARRIAGES.

Fourteen Solemnized in English Churches Found to Be Void on Trivial Grounds.

It will come as a disagreeable shock to any surviving couples who were married in St. John's old church, Sleighs, in 1828, to learn that their marriages were not legal, says the London Daily Mail.

Such, however, is the startling fact, and the remark applies not only to this church but to 13 others, in all of which marriages have taken place, although they were not licensed for the purpose.

In order to legalize these unions, Lord Belper has brought forward a bill in parliament.

The chapelry of Uggelbarnby, in the York diocese, possesses three of these churches, two of which may be called the patriarchs of marriages. The church, Ancient Chapelry of Uggelbarnby, has had no license since the consecration. Its fellow-parish, St. John's old church, also in the York diocese, has had no license since 18 other of the trio is St. John's church, in which illegal marriages have only been performed since 1847.

At Cadney-cum-Howsham, in Lincolnshire, have been illegally performed places—the parish room and the chapel of Howsham.

In the case of the parish church, Llansaintffraid Cwmtyddwr, in daudwr, in the diocese of Rad, has been ironically suggested to be deprived of its license in 18 cause a marriage certificate be the name of the church would be too unwieldy.

The number of marriages which taken place in the 14 churches can easily be discovered, but some idea the number may be gathered from fact that at St. Andrew's church, in Llanle-Dale, between 300 and 400 have been solemnized.

The other churches are New Bford church; Christ church, Bradford church of the new parish of the Lodi Salop; St. Helen's church, Ore; St. Saviour's Ringley; St. John's, Ipswich; St. Peter's, Woodmansey.

In addition to these, the church of St. Mary, Greenhithe, has been used as the parish church of the residents of the two training ships lying off Greenhithe. Before October 17, 1899, these residents did not belong to the parish. The banns published and marriages solemnized before that date are legalized by Lord Belper's bill.

Clause three of the bill freely forgives all the ministers concerned, and absolves them from any penalties incurred by them in connection with these marriages.

Not Popular with the Small Boy. Small Girl—What do you think about men and boys wearing girls' shirt waists, anyway?

Small Boy (in his sister's bloomers and shirt waist, savagely)—I don't like it! It was bad enough when we boys had to wear our big brother's old clothes, but I kick at having